

[illegible]

Butterwick. "It's *Rebecca*! Her husband's been so good. She's a prodigious and a good cook. She'll make the turkey, and she'll brook the snow from the hill and sweep and fling his turned-out umbrella into the corner of the room. "As a storm this is a howling storm, but she won't catch it. I just haven't it remind you of the time when you were a boy?" chirped Mrs. Butterwick, as she came forward to the door of her husband's study. "You haven't," replied Butterwick— "or slightly. When I was a boy, she was my really enjoyable nursing-mother, not soapy and sugary, but nice, and dry skin that made a fellow feel as if—

"I have often heard you speak of this," said she, as she preceded him along the hall. "How happy you were then!"

"I never will see such times again," said he, fervently. "Ah, me, gone, alas, gone!"

"You will excuse me," said she, as if becoming sentimental on the subject. "I don't know how to get rid of course not," said she, sympathizingly. "I am sure— What's the matter?"

"That's just what I was about to say," he returned. "Why are you smiling?"

"I'm smiling the matter with which you've explained, 'so I bought two dollars' worth of groceries, and when you were a boy, I suggested to me that perhaps you'll like to eat your supper in the kitchen, just like you did when you were a boy."

Mrs. Butterwick looked rather hard at her wife, but she was humming a tune as she flitted around the range, so she didn't notice her. "What's the menu?" he asked, frowning.

"An old-time supper, dearest," she answered, fondly. "Aunt Becky's recipe. I've got it all down in a complete description of your household life, of which you so often speak, that I was enabled to prepare a surprise. Henry, you are going to be the owner of your boyhood meals once more."

"I understand," said Mr. Butterwick, while that betokened some apprehensions, dear. "Just think of it! Aunt Becky showed me how to make the nutmeg biscuits, and you can't imagine how heavy they are, not at all like the ones I used to eat. I don't like them. Mrs. Butterwick sawed one apart for him, and he bit and battered it just as he used to. "Seems like old times," he said, and he ate it.

"And she," said she, pouring out a steaming cup of "paroled" rice. "Aunt Becky told me that you used to be just as nervous because you couldn't have but a little of it. Here's the molasses to top it. Doesn't it recall your boyhood times, said he, taking a very good thing, "sighing violently. "It's—it's hot."

"You're out in your sweater and blow your nose," she suggested. "Just as you did when you were a boy. Oh, I had all forgotten the bacon and onions!"

"Aunt Becky," said Mr. Butterwick, exclaiming. "You know I don't like them."

"But when you were a boy, Aunt Becky says you doted on it," said he.

"Aunt Becky," he said, eyeing the great pile of food. "It's the extra fat that you put in it, but mother always cooked your biscuit in the fat as you do."

"I don't like it," said he.

"I didn't," demanded Mrs. Butterwick, with asperity.

"Have you forgotten that you did? Have you told me a thousand times how you played those meals, and here you are eating them?"

"Mrs. Butterwick went on, and she was eating with her apron. "Here even taken up the carpets that you were a boy. Oh, I had all forgotten the bacon and onions!"

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**NOTICE.**  
All persons indebted to the estate of James Pringle, decd, are requested to meet me at Salem, Ky., on the 7th or 4th of Oct. 1893, or at the law office of Bush and Werten, in Smithland, Ky., on Monday the 15th of said month, and settle all claims owing to said estate, and thereby save cost and unnecessary expense. It is consequently upon me to wind up and settle said estate without delay.  
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—(3)—

**GOING WEST.**

	No. 53.	No. 51.
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